

**A complaynt of
them that be to
soone ma-
ryed,**



For as moche as many folke there be
 That desyre the sacramente of weddyng
 Eher Wyl kepe them in byrgny
 And Wyl in chastyte be lyuyng
 Therfore I Wyl put now in wytyng
 In what ioyowe these men lede they lyues
 That to soone be coupled to cursed wyues

Now am I in grete myschese and sorowe
 To soone I put my body in gage
 I lyue in care/nyght/ruen/and morowe
 Lptell lacketh that I ne enrage
 To be to soone maried I layde my gage
 Cursed be the tyme that I it euer knewe
 The deuyl haue his parte of marpage
 And of hym that me spake therto dyue

My herte ryght yll dyd me counsell
 To a yonge woman me for to same
 To soone wedde there they dyd me compell
 Wherfore I holde my selfe in fame
 By god I swore and by his name
 I Wyl all louers ciene dyscourage
 That wolde not wthere Wyl take them adame
 And put them selfe in suche domage

Better it were to be a man sauage
 Than to be take in that yike lase
 Gentell galauntes flee that passage
 Besyde that waye loke that ye passe

160
Go out of that waye that wyll the chafe
Go out of that waye or ye be losse
Go ye therfro / tourne ye your face
Go frome that waye to another colte

Go ye thense my frendes I you praye *desire*
Go ye therfro I you do praye
Go ye frome that hote flambe of fyre
Go ye therfro as I you saye
O ye wyll repente an other daye
Go ye therfro full loude I crye
Go ye fro the bonde of weclawaye
Whiche is the arke of all folye

Fle I praye you for goddes sake
Fle this passage that is ryght daungerous
Fle ye frome that peryllous lake
Of muddy myre so clam and comberous
Fle that darke place so myke and tenebrous
Fle fro that yke cursed temptacyon
I fynde it nothyng auauntagous
But it all tourneth in to perdycon

Alas my byetherne ye crysten men
For god take ye in pacience
To heare the sorowe that I in ten
For to acquyte my consience
I requyre you in the reuerence
Of the swete byrgyn mary
For to escheue all unpacience
Loke to soone that ye vot mary

The wyse man vs ensygneth and saythe
That none shulde other rezeue
Of any byce/hurte/yll/or scathe
That they se of hym moze or eue
I saye it for I dyd my selfe meue
To lerne to make playes Jopous
Kepe hym that wyll and me byleue
For there maye be many enuyous

Outragyous alas I dyde not thynke
The tymes of that that I wolde do
But hastily I dyde me clynke
Unto my wyll and wente therto
Symple I was and humble also
Eupll thought was not myne entent
Now haue I for my labour lo
Inoye/thought/payne/and torment

Thynke thou now what it is of seruyes
Thynke also what it is of franchyse
The scrupitude of maryage
Afoze all other serunge lyfe
All wyse m:n dothe it despyse
Let none take it nor other make
For it is the moost folte entrepryse
That ony man maye undertake

Take ye hede whereche ye go
Dooze whysclers folpthe and quod
Be not affoted nor prythe also
So outragyous nor so hardy

That for one dede ne for a crye
 ye caste your selfe in suche a snare
 For ye shall not demyngre nor wyse
 Come out therof therfore beware

Better ye were withouten harme
 For to become a celestyne
 A grey frere Jacoppyn or a carme
 An hermyte or a frere Austyne
 Fle ye therfro/ye seke your fyne
 And the abregmente of your dayes
 Wherfore do not your selfe enclyne
 To entre with ryght and other wayes

Man the wyche hath no rytell
 Nor scrupitude by ony sent
 He is in his owne freewyll
 And at his good commaundement
 Man maketh his auowe and talent
 For all that god hath hym gyue
 By no maner for to consente
 For to bynde hym in scrupitude to lyue

Yf thou knowe what charge it is
 To take a wyfe and her to kepe
 So preest thou shouldest not be pwyss
 At suche a snare in for to crepe
 Nor let thy selfe so to be pclepe
 To be engloted in suche a clyste
 Out of whiche thou mayste not pepe
 Tyll that she be broke and syte

3.11.

These relygious maundens
 May well an other order take
 So many chanons and dekenes
 Offycers theyz offyces may forsake
 None maye ayenste them noyse make
 But we the whiche ben marped
 May nether mount nor yet downe slake
 So ben we in this popul alped

It is well knyte that is so bounde
 That no man can it undo
 In weddyng knote I haue me founde
 That I counde not from it go
 Yf I were lous no moze ther to
 Wolde I retourne forsothe certayne
 I rede them that haue ben so
 Beware and go not to it agayne

Certaynly I wyll not blame
 Warpage that god Instyted
 But honour it withouten grame
 For the order sholde be woyspypped
 And I haue me auanced
 Than I ought for to speke moze
 The charge to yll wyues be deled
 For I le euer the daye wherfoze

And for to gyue you for to wyte
 The pouerte that therein is founde
 I ought well to dyspryse it
 For there I haue be bounde

154
Blas my werke byde lytell rebounde
And lytell befell to me than
Than to lerne I byd recounde
By my selfe o: by some good man

I nought I wende that I had lerned
I thought that I was full sage
But for all that I was clyked
As a byrde is in a cage
That hath nothyng advantage
But as longe as the cage maye dure
In lyke wyse I am in maryage
Enclosed nedes I must endure

Endure I must who that may say the
For to endure I am constrainnt
For I swere to you on my saythe
The Joye that I make it is but saynte
I am so holden in feere and in craynt
That I am worse than displeased
I am not come to that attaynt
That I thought in tyme passed

Whan that I was newly maryed
I had good tyme aboute the dapes
I was not chydene harped
I was fulfylled with loue rapes
I made gambandes / lepes / and playes
I helde me neyther nere ne fette
But soone ynoughe I had assayes
Of sorowe and care that made me bare

109
Rynnyng they came me to assayle
On the other syde ryght aspiely
Full soze they made me to assayle
Were it slepyng or wakyngly
Thought alwaye was present me by
And yet before me made stontere
With them in theyr companye
Greate charge whiche bare the baner

About eyght dayes or soone after
Our maryage the tyme for to passe
My wyfe I toke and byd set her
Upon my knee for to solace
And began her for to enbrace
Sayenge syster go get the tyme losse
We must thynke to labour a pace
To recompence that it hath cost

Than for despyte she vp arole
And drewe her faste behynde me
To me sayenge is this the gloie
Alas poze sayste well I se
That I neuer shall haue quod she
With you moze than payne and turlmente
I am in an euill degree
I haue now losse my sacramente

For me be to longe with you here
Alas I ought well for to thynke
What we shold do within ten yere
Whan we shall haue at our herte bynke

Many chyldren on hys to chynke
 And epe after vs without fayle
 For they meate and they drynke
 Than shall it be no meruayle

Cursed be the houre that I was
 Made a none in some cloyster
 Neuer there for to passe
 Or had be made some syster
 In seruage with a clonster
 It is not eyght dayes sythe our weddyng
 That we two togyther were
 By god ye speke to soone of weddyng

But sythe it dothe you please
 It pleaseyth me as is reason
 Your wyll dothe not me dysplease
 It pleaseyth me at eche ceason
 Ye be sythe of this mannyon
 And I am your chambere
 I wolde fayne fynde some encheson
 That I yenge deed I were on bere

Wolde to god that I were deed
 Than wolde ye be quyte of me
 In lytell whyle knowe you I dyde
 And neyther I perceyue nor se
 He knowe how that reason wolde be
 That to me ye speke of that wyke
 By my soule I se at the eye
 That of you I shall haue but yke

For god syr aduise you well
 That I dyde neuer besynesse
 In the house there as I dyde dwell
 Many there were that put them in pisse
 Me for to loue aboue excelle
 And yet I put them all awaye
 Though they had moche greater ryche
 No man but you was to my paye

Am I of suche lygnage comen
 For to haue payne and grete trauayle
 That was so derly holden
 And neuer looked for none anayle
 So that thyng sholde me prouayle
 I was wounte but to go and playe
 Daunce and synge at eche spousayle
 And ye frome me put all that awaye

Thanked be god ye haue had of me
 Of ryche cheuaunce good and fayre
 Golde and syluer grete plente
 Rentes and heritage you to paye
 In all this countre there is none ayre
 Be ye neuer so ryche of lynage
 But he myght of that affayre
 Make ryche all his parentage

I do not saye that ye were dygne
 To haue one centymas better than I
 Als ye shewd unto me sygne
 Of grete grace welth and curtesy

That when I herde any company
That spake of you in any place
I had my herte raynyshed truly
For greate pleasure and solace

When she had made her complaynt
Like an woman all an angered
She than sealed under a sapnt
Full of sorowe and all be weped
The days and houre there she cursed
With a tryste herte wyngyng her hande
That euer she was nouryshed
For to espouse suche an husbande

When that I herde and understode
That the whyche she me reproched
I was abashed and still stode
And durst not to her be appoched
Her tonge towarde me was deigned
I wote not where that she had tryste
The wordes that she there dysgaigned
That I was fayne to be whytlyste

In this sayd dolourous longe
I dyde me put for to haue pena
Force it was in to be thynge
Yet wente I not in with myne ease
But my wyfe me to dysplease
Abode not longe for to perceyue
The sorowe that dyde my herte peple
Where thynge she dyde deceyue

Than came her mother to hous
That founde her how she was wepyng
And loone she sayd my nowne sone dous
Why maketh she that waymentyng
And sayd it was not her lernynge
To haue her daughter so to be chydde
And that she had a percerpyng
That I had her so an angred

By my saytholayd I good mother
Fought hard I done not her myllayde
Serue her I wyll as my sylter
With good hertt and wyll puttyng
for ayenst her I nothynge sayd
But that waynt she myllayde
Us for to stoz and she me nayed
I wys she hath to fynde a mynde

By god my saytholayd you neought
So alway for to fynde her
for wys she was hertt taught
for to werke the for bre felter
But she wyll do well here after
Wherfore speke no more I praye
Neuer was I in fache daungere
Wherfore I thank god nyght and daye

Than cometh her cōsyns also
for to complyshe my passyon
Her gossips and her neyghbouris to
Scemblyngelyke a prestyon

God knowe what destruccyon
 Dyrnyge my wyne all at theyr ease
 All thyng goeth to perdyccyon
 Neuertheles I muste holde my pease

To a feest they brought me on a daye
 I boue two o' thre myle hense
 God knoweth what great hope led they
 Takynge lytell intellygence
 Her frendes lede her at myne expence
 How that the game goeth they ne care
 I saye that by experyence
 It wyl make a man all thysde baye

Now muste they make a pylgrymage
 To saynt Lenarde o' saynt Laurence
 For good they be for the grette rage
 That they haue/as I maye purpence
 Who maye than haue any pacyence
 For to se suche derpyson
 Crottyng alwaye without respyence
 And not kyppege theyr manysion

Than must they haue newe habytes
 Gownes and other a byllementes
 Rynges of of golde perles and cresolptes
 Bedes and gyrdelles with longe pendentes
 I haue nether hous ne rentes
 Wheron that I maye lyue
 A man with many suche paymentes
 Maye lyue longe of sur he maye thyrue

Full

Wene ye that they take any kepe
How that spluer is spent anone
The deuyl byenne them on an hepe
Them and all they oppnyon
We gyue to them suche a bandon
Be they saye or be they soule
That we haue therfore suche guerdon
That we be caryes be my soule

Almyghty god gyue me suffraunce
For I am sore passyoned
With payne/sozowe/and dysbourbaunce
As moche as any man hath suffred
But sythe I am therto condemned
I thanke our lord of paradys
For therto I am ordeyned
For it is none other wyse

Consyderynge that I ne maye
Hyte/no; ho auunte/ne arere
I wyllhe my dethe euery daye
Hyde me I muste neuer to appere
In donge styngynge neuer to come here
Desyrynge dethe is my reioyce
Chowynge my bytte in this maner
Without bydynge any comfoyte

you the whiche are clene acquyted
Praye ye for that poore caryse
The whiche is all dyscheryed
And hath expended by his wyse

His good that neuer in his lyfe
Shall be rendered to hym agayne
Wherfore I maye with herte penyfe
Crye out alas and thus complayne

I make an ende I lyue in greate martyre
So do they that be to soone marped
The thyng that moost of all I desyre
Is that they be ryght well harped
For by women men be so varped
Eche leseth his vnderstandynge
Wherfore I wyll that they be for prayde
That god geue them sorowe euerlastynge

For suche is my dyspyement
And wyll proue it befoze our lord
That women ben abusment
All aboute in playe/stryfe and boyde
To soone marped maye mete accorde
Unto them wolde I for naye
I leue them here at this sayd woide
And no more of them wyll I saye

Right dere frendes louely I do you submitte
Of my fyrst werke in to correccyon
But myne owne wyll can not as yet
Ende we ony thyng of myne intencion
Rather I wyll abyde a lytell season
Than to put my wytte afoze intellygence
Vnto lyte must abyde dygestyon
So I muste do or I come to eloquence

173
Cunynge must I haue sytte of all
Or that I come to persueracyon
But for the I Wyll and than som what call
Lernynge with good delibheracyon
And than I Wyll with good intencion
Fore some werkes of god almyghty
Desyrynge to come vnto his regyon
Euer there for to dwell perdurably

Here endeth a full dolefull complaynte
Of many a man of there one concord
Lokynge with face pale wanne and faynte
Curseyng the tyme of thepys accord
Synnyssed and done the yere of our lord
A thousande. CCCC. and. xxxv. at London
Enprynted also by Wynkyn de Worde
In fletestete at the sygne of the son



